

CHARLIE CHAN



ALL NEW MYSTERY
ADVENTURES

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COMICS
CODE
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7

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SPRINKLE HIT

10¢

CHARLIE CHAN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

POP-- BIRMINGHAM'S
REALLY HOOKED. THAT
FAKER'S GOT HIM THINKING
THERE'S REALLY A MESSAGE
FROM THE BEYOND ON THE
PAPER IN THAT
BOTTLE.

YES. NOW UNLESS BRAIN
OF FRIGHTENED
CHAUFFEUR SUDDENLY
BEGIN TO HIT ON ALL
CYLINDERS MESSAGE
ON PAPER MAY BE
END OF US!



EARL DERR BIGGERS'
WORLD FAMOUS DETECTIVE



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AMAZING OFFER

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EXTRA
MONEY?
\$35.00
IS YOURS**

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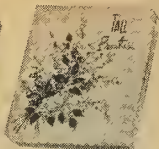
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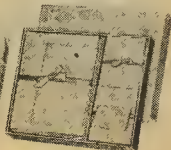
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GIFT WRAPPING ENSEMBLE**
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20" x 30" sheets in a
fascinating variety of
designs—plus matching
seals and gift tags



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CHARLIE CHAN

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CHARLIE CHAN

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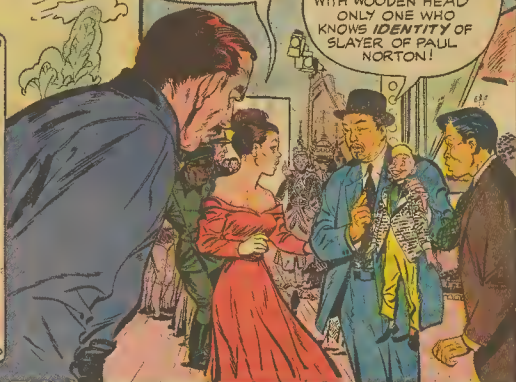
Chinese Proverb
Say--

"POLICEMAN MUST
SEE WITH MORE
THAN EYES AND
HEAR WITH MORE
THAN EARS.
TRUTH SOMETIMES
SHOUTED LOUDEST
BY UNHEARD
VOICE OF..."

**Silent
Witness"**

MISTER CHAN-- I
DON'T UNDERSTAND...
WHY ARE YOU SO
INTERESTED IN
REGGIE?

PUZZLEMENT
MOST UNDERSTAND-
ABLE, MISS LUBECK--
BUT ANSWER **MOST**
SIMPLE! LITTLE MAN
WITH WOODEN HEAD
ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS **IDENTITY** OF
SLAYER OF PAUL
NORTON!



IT BEGINS IN A THEATRE ALLEY, AS IT IS TO
END. IN A PARKED CAR, CHARLIE CHAN
SPEAKS TO TWO OLD FRIENDS-- SECRET
SERVICE MEN. AND THE TOPIC IS... TROUBLE!

CHARLIE, YOU CAN SEE WHY I SENT
FOR YOU! PAUL HORTON WORKED
FOR OUR GOVERNMENT.-- HE
DISCOVERED A NEW, SIMPLE
WAY TO **SPLIT THE ATOM...**
NOW-- HE'S GONE!



Now Showing--
The
**STEINER
TROUPE**
8 ACTS OF
VAUDEVILLE!

DIRECT FROM THE
MUSIC HALLS
OF EUROPE!

LIMITED
ENGAGEMENT.

HORTON ATTENDED A
SHOW HERE LAST
NIGHT-- THEN VANISHED!
WE THINK THIS
TROUPE HAD A
HANO IN IT!
IF HORTON'S
DISCOVERY
GETS INTO
ENEMY
HANDS--
IT
WILL
BE USED
AGAINST
US! THIS
HUMBLE
ONE WILL
DO HIS BEST
TO FIND
MISSING
SCIENTIST!



CHARLIE CHAN

THERE IS A REHEARSAL IN PROGRESS ON THE STAGE OF THE THEATRE... BUT CHAN BELIEVES IN STARTING AT THE BOTTOM! THE FIRST STOP IN THE SEARCH IS THE GLOOMY CELLAR--

WHEW! POP, I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE! IF ANYONE'S DOWN HERE--WE'D MAKE PERFECT TARGETS!

BIG BAIT CATCHES BIG RATS! YOU SEARCH IN OTHER DIRECTION--- PERHAPS MISSING SCIENTIST STILL HERE!



MINUTES LATER...

HEY, POP! LOOK WHAT I FOUND! HER NAME'S MOIRA LUBECK...SHE'S A VENTRILOQUIST!



ONE OF THE SEAMSTRESSES WAS MAKING A NEW JACKET FOR MY DUMMY, AND I CAME TO GET IT!

MOIRA! SO THERE YOU ARE! WE'RE REHEARSING, AND WE'VE ONLY GOT A WEEK BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR PARIS, REMEMBER? WHO'S THIS?



THE NEWCOMER IS MARK STEINER, PRODUCER OF THE "STEINER TROUPE" CHAN EXPLAINS... ASKS QUESTIONS... BUT THERE IS NO INFORMATION HERE. IN HALF AN HOUR, HE IS BACK WITH MARK THE TRUPE SERVICE MAN--

CHARLIE! BAD NEWS-- HORTON WAS JUST FOUND NEAR THE THEATRE... DEAD!

THIS HUMBLE ONE FEARED AS MUCH! YOU HAVE HEARD OF HARMALINE, THE TRUTH DRUG? I FIND THIS IN THEATRE CELLAR... BESIDE A CHAIR, WHERE PERHAPS A MAN WAS BOUND AND HELD PRISONER!



THEY MUST HAVE USED THIS TO GET THE SECRET OUT OF HORTON! THEN THEY DIDN'T NEED HIM ANY LONGER...

TRUTH, LIKE BLACK EYE, SOMETIMES MOST OBVIOUS! BUT THAT IS ONLY BEGINNING OF BAD NEWS! STEINER TROUPE LEAVE FOR PARIS IN ONE WEEK! IF TROUPE HAS SECRET--IT WILL LEAVE WITH THEM!



BUT--THAT STILL LEAVES A WEEK-- A WEEK IN WHICH SECRET SERVICE AGENTS PROBE...AND SEARCH... THROUGH THE THEATRE.

IT'S TRUE THAT REGGIE WAS IN THE CELLAR THAT NIGHT, CHAN-- BUT HE'S ONLY A DUMMY! HE CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING!

WHO KNOWS? MAN WHO KILL HORTON WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO MEMORIZE STOLEN INFORMATION! PERHAPS WRITTEN DOWN--CONCEALED IN DUMMY!



SUDDENLY...

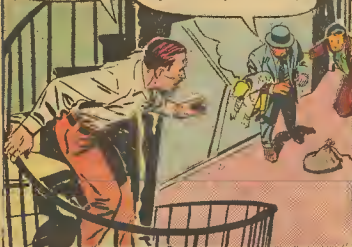
POP!!



CHARLIE CHAN

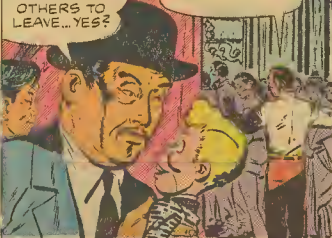
MISTER CHAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHY, YOU-- YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN **KILLED!**

MOST UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT... BUT THIS HUMBLE ONE NOT INJURED! NOT YET TIME FOR HEAD OF HOUSE OF CHAN TO JOIN ANCESTORS!



MANY THANKS FOR CONCERN! BUT NOW NOW-- WOULD CONTINUE EXAMINATION OF DUMMY! YOU WILL ASK OTHERS TO LEAVE... YES?

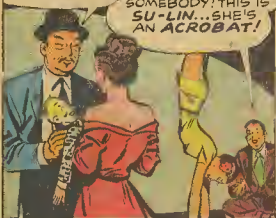
OF COURSE! **EVERYONE... ON STAGE!** ALL DANCERS, WE STILL HAVE TO REHEARSE! THE WHOLE TEMPLE NUMBER MUST BE CHANGED BEFORE WE REACH PARIS!



CAREFULLY, CHAN INSPECTS THE DUMMY-- WITHOUT SUCCESS...

MOST GRATEFUL, MISS LUBECK! NOW, IF AMOROUS OFFSPRING CAN TEAR SELF AWAY FROM CHARMING COMPANY-- WE WILL LEAVE!

HUH? OH... SURE, POP! BUT FIRST, I WANT YOU TO MEET SOMEBODY! THIS IS SU-LIN... SHE'S AN ACROBAT!



NUMBER ONE SON IS IN LOVE... AGAIN. THE SIGNS ARE OBVIOUS. BUT LOVE DOES NOT SOLVE CRIMINAL CASES! A DAY GOES BY... TWO... FOUR... SIX...

NO CLUES, EH, CHARLIE? MAYBE THIS WILL HELP... IT'S FROM THE FRENCH POLICE. **ANTHONY STARK** ARRIVED IN PARIS YESTERDAY!

STARK IS A KNOWN ENEMY AGENT! HE BOUGHT A TICKET TO THE TROUPE'S FIRST PERFORMANCE!



I'M ALMOST CERTAIN STARK IS IN PARIS TO PICK UP THE STOLEN INFORMATION! I'M FLYING THERE TONIGHT TO WATCH HIM!

BUT MAN DOES NOT PLANT WEEDS IN OWN GARDEN! I WILL REMAIN HERE AND TRY ONCE MORE!



ONLY-- TIME IS RUNNING OUT, NOW--

MISTER CHAN! IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE HERE, I'D HAVE JOINED YOU INSTEAD OF STAYING ON STAGE DURING THE REHEARSAL!

INTEREST OF PRETTY GIRL IS MOST FLATTERING, MISS LUBECK! BUT NO MATTER, TEMPLE DANCE NUMBER IS EXTREMELY COMPLICATED. WATCHING REHEARSAL HAS BEEN QUITE INTERESTING!



IN FACT-- TIME HAS RUN OUT COMPLETELY AND CHAN HAS APPARENTLY LEARNED NOTHING WHEN HE LEAVES...

MMM! WHAT A DOLL, HUH, POP? AND SHE LIKES ME! SHE SAID SHE WISHED I WAS GOING TO PARIS-- THERE'S SOMEONE SHE WANTS ME TO MEET... HER FAMILY, PROBABLY--

NUMBER ONE SON IS IN LUCK! THERE IS NO MORE TO BE DONE HERE!-- WE LEAVE FOR PARIS BY NEXT PLANE, AS SOON AS BIRMINGHAM CAN PACK OUR BELONGINGS!



CHARLIE CHAN

THE PACKING TAKES AN HOUR. THEN THERE IS A FLIGHT INTO THE NIGHT. A DAY LATER---PARIS!

OUI, INSPECTOR CHAN. THE STEINER TROUPE ARRIVES IN ONE HOUR. THEY HAVE RESERVATIONS AT THE METROPOLE!

AND STARK, THE ENEMY AGENT, HAS ARRANGED TO LEAVE PARIS TONIGHT, AFTER THE PERFORMANCE! WE'LL BE THERE, OF COURSE...



STOLEN INFORMATION WILL BE PASSED TO STARK AT THEATRE...WE MUST LEARN **HOW!** PIECES OF PUZZLE ALL PRESENT... ONLY **ONE** TASK REMAIN-- **TO FIND KEY!**

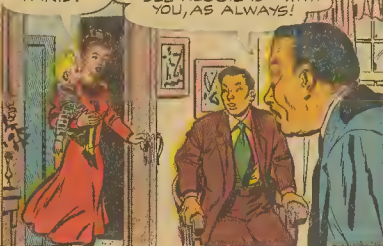
CHARLIE! YOU **KNOW** SOMETHING-- WHAT IS IT?



BUT IF CHAN HAS AN IDEA--HE IS NOT TELLING... NOT YET! INSTEAD, LATER, HE PAYS A CALL...

MISTER CHAN! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE IN PARIS!

YOU WILL FORGIVE THE INTRUSION, MISS LUBECK! THE MANAGER SAID I MIGHT WAIT HERE.--I SEE REGGIE IS--WITH YOU, AS ALWAYS!



OF COURSE HE IS! REGGIE IS SORT OF A **MASCOT**...THE TROUPE LIKES TO HAVE HIM NEAR WHEN THEY WORK! STEINER CALLED ANOTHER REHEARSAL OF THE TEMPLE NUMBER...SOME FINAL CHANGES!

A GOOD LUCK CHARM, OF COURSE! EXCUSE US, MISS LUBECK, WE CAME ONLY TO PAY RESPECTS!



CHAN LEAVES... BUT HE DOES NOT GO FAR--

ALL RIGHT, MISTER CHAN... HANG UP! I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FINISH THAT CALL TO THE SURETE... WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS!



NO ONE NOTICES, OR INTERFERES, AS FOUR MEN STEP INTO THE ELEVATOR. AND LATER---NO ONE KNOWS WHAT A CERTAIN CLOSET CONTAINS---



MISTER CHAN--I WAS **RIGHT!** I **DID** SEE STEINER BRING YOU IN HERE! WHEN I STARTED TO LEAVE MY ROOM! HE HAD A GUN--

WHAT HAPPENED? NO TIME FOR TALK NOW! WHEN DOES SHOW BEGIN?



CHARLIE CHAN

IN HALF AN HOUR. BUT--BUT YOU CAN'T GO **THERE!** STEINER HAD A GUN! WHATEVER'S GOING ON--HE MIGHT **KILL** YOU!

WE WILL ENTER THEATRE BY SIDE DOOR--BACKSTAGE! YOU GO TO THEATRE ALONE... AFTER WE ARE GONE!

A MOMENT TO STRUGGLE OUT OF THE KNOTTED BONDS, THEN --A DASH TO THE STREET--

COME ON! **COME ON!** WE'RE CRAWLING! POP'S IN A HURRY!

AND POP WILL DO ALL TALKING! BIRMINGHAM-- YOU WILL REMEMBER WHAT YOU MUST DO WHEN WE REACH THEATRE --IT IS **MOST IMPORTANT!**

THE TRIP IS FAST... AND UN-EVENTFUL... BUT AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE THEATRE, THINGS HAPPEN FAST!

A SILENCER! HE WAS GOING TO **KILL** US! POP WAS RIGHT! IF HE HADN'T TOLD YOU TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS, WE MIGHT BOTH BE DEAD! NICE WORK, BIRMINGHAM!

NICE WORK ... IF YOU CAN GET IT! ONLY MY TROUBLE IS... **I GOT IT!** AND I DON'T WANT IT!

QUICKLY, BIRMINGHAM AND NUMBER ONE SON TIE UP THE THUG... BUT CHAN DOES NOT LINGER!

CHAN! LOOK OUT!!

IT'S **STEINER!** MISTER CHAN, WHAT HAPPENED?

CASE --- CLOSED, MISS LUBECK... THANKS TO LITTLE MAN WITH WOODEN HEAD! JACKET WORN BY REGGIE MOST INTERESTING-- **VERY CLEVER LINE CODE!**

CHARLIE CHAN

SUSPECTED SAME, BUT SEEMED TOO CLUMSY! DUMMY TOO LARGE TO BE PASSED TO ENEMY AGENT SECRETLY! THEN, TODAY-- ANSWER CAME--WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT REHEARSAL... ABOUT LAST CHANGES IN TEMPLE DANCE!

DANCE? CHAN--I DON'T FOLLOW YOU! WHERE IS THE CONNECTION?

DANCE WAS ALSO CODE! STEINER CHANGE STEPS... TO CONFORM WITH CODE ON DUMMY'S JACKET! DUMMY ALWAYS PRESENT AT REHEARSALS, BECAUSE STEINER HAS NEED TO REFER TO CODE. YET MISS LUBECK NEVER REHEARSE!

YOU'RE SAYING I HELPED STEINER! YOU--YOU'RE INSANE! I HELPED YOU---I FREED YOU!



YES, YOU CALL STEINER WHEN I LEAVE YOUR ROOM! YOU SUSPECT...SO HE KIDNAP ME! THEN--YOU RELEASE ME. ONLY--YOU CALL STEINER, AGAIN-- AND HE HAS MAN WAITING AT SIDE ENTRANCE TO KILL ME!

ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT! YOU KNOW!! BUT YOU WON'T ARREST ME!

CORRECTION, PLEASE! JUSTICE SOMETIMES VERY STRANGE, MISS LUBECK! LITTLE WOODEN HEAD NOT ONLY TELLS US NAMES OF GUILTY PARTIES, BUT IN END-- EVEN ASSIST IN CAPTURE OF SAME! SO SORRY--



IT IS OVER, THEN. BUT ONE MYSTERY STILL REMAINS TO BE CLEARED UP, AFTERWARD.

NUMBER ONE SON SEEMS STRANGELY UNHAPPY!--YOU PERHAPS FEEL SORRY FOR THE VERY PRETTY MISS LUBECK?

HER? FAT CHANCE! NO, IT ISN'T THAT, POP... IT'S SU-LIN! I-I JUST SAID GOODBYE TO HER...

GOODBYE? THEN-- THE LITTLE LOTUS BLOSSOM NO LONGER IS MAD WITH LOVE FOR YOU? SHE NO LONGER WISHES TO HAVE YOU MEET HER FAMILY?

I ME 'EM, ALL RIGHT! ONLY-- THERE WAS JUST ONE OF THEM. THAT'S HIM WITH HER NOW. HE LIVES HERE IN PARIS!

SO? THE MAN WITH HER... HE IS HER BROTHER?

HE'S--HER HUSBAND! WOMEN--PHOOEY!!



THE END

**Boys! Girls!
Men!
Women!**

Do You Want up to \$50 or \$100 EXTRA MONEY?

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NAME.....AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

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GIVE TO A FRIEND! He'll thank you for the big favor!

GIVE THIS COUPON to A FRIEND The FUNman, Dept. X-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME.....AGE.....

STREET or RFD.....

TOWN.....Zone.....STATE.....

CHARLIE CHAN



CHARLIE CHAN



A Wise Man
has Said---

"HE WHO WILL NOT LISTEN
TO WHISPERINGS
OF OWN CONSCIENCE
HAS ONLY SELF TO
BLAME IF WHISPERS
BECOME..."

The
**TALKING
STONE
FACE!"**

MISTER CHAN-- MAYBE
WE SHOULD TURN BACK!
I'M AFRAID FOR ELLEN.
THERE HAVE BEEN
THREE TRAGEDIES
ALREADY...NO TREASURE
IS WORTH THAT MUCH!

DEATH IS ONE
APPOINTMENT ALL
MEN MUST KEEP!
BUT SUGGEST WE GO
ON. IF DEDUCTIONS
CORRECT, SLAYER
WILL REVEAL SELF
WITHIN NEXT
FEW HOURS!



IT IS SIESTA TIME IN MEXICO. ON THE PATIO OF A
TINY MEXICAN HOTEL. CHARLIE CHAN ON
VACATION, DOZES. BUT THERE IS ONE WORD
GUARANTEED TO DRIVE ALL THOUGHTS OF SLEEP
FROM HIS MIND --

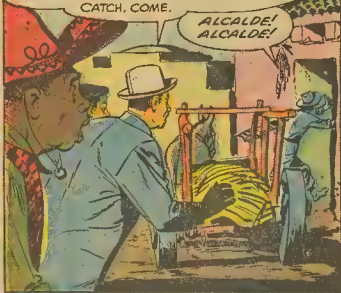
MUERTE!
MUERTE!

DEATH! POP! WHAT DO
YOU SUPPOSE THAT'S
ALL ABOUT?



FROM SPEED OF BAREFOOT ONE -- WOULD SAY
SOMETHING MOST UNPLEASANT. BAD NEWS
TRAVEL SO FAST LIGHTNING CANNOT
CATCH, COME.

ALCALDE!
ALCALDE!

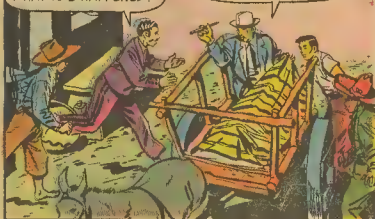


CHARLIE CHAN

THE BAREFOOT PEON RACES INSIDE, AND BY THE TIME HE RETURNS WITH THE MAYOR -- THE ALCALDE -- THE BAD NEWS IS OBVIOUS.

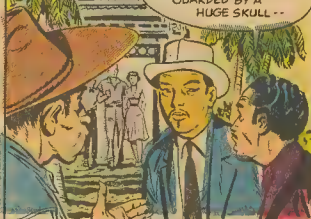
MISTER CHAN! YOU ARE JUST THE MAN WE NEED. JUAN, HERE, TELLS ME HE HAS FOUND A DEAD MAN! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

MAN IN CART KILLED -- WITH THIS. BUT HE WHO LISTEN LEARN MORE THAN HE WHO TALK! LET PEON TELL STORY.



THERE IS LITTLE TO TELL, SEÑOR! THE MAN IS SENOR KING. I FIND HIM ON TRAIL. HE IS ONE OF THOSE FROM THE UNIVERSITY!

IT IS AN EXPEDITION, MISTER CHAN. THEY SEEK THE TALKING STONE FACE! IT IS A LEGEND OF THE INDIOS. THEY SAY THERE IS A TREASURE HIDDEN IN A LOST AZTEC CITY GUARDED BY A HUGE SKULL --



KING! HE -- HE'S DEAD!

THAT ARROW! ELLEN! IT'S A DEATH ARROW! THE KIND THE ANCIENT AZTECS USED IN THEIR CEREMONIAL EXECUTIONS!

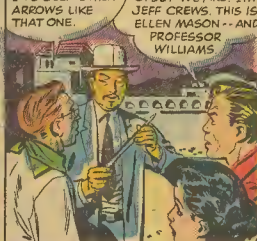
YOU'RE CHARLIE CHAN, THE DETECTIVE. FORGIVE ME, MISTER CHAN, BUT I'VE BEEN ON EXPEDITIONS IN MEXICO BEFORE. I'VE SEEN OTHER ARROWS LIKE THAT ONE.

YOU -- YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE ALL OF US, MISTER CHAN. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND HOW UPSET WE ARE. I'M JEFF CREWS. THIS IS ELLEN MASON -- AND PROFESSOR WILLIAMS

SO HAPPY TO MAKE ACQUAINTANCE. YOU ARE ENTIRE PERSONNEL OF EXPEDITION?

NO. THERE ARE TWO MORE MEN. WE'RE FROM LAWSON UNIVERSITY ELLEN'S

FATHER CLAIMED TO HAVE LOCATED THE TREASURE GUARDED BY THE TALKING STONE FACE! HE MADE A MAP --



... AND DIED BEFORE HE COULD RETURN HERE. IT'S ALMOST AS IF LEGENDS ARE -- TRUE. AS IF ANYONE WHO ATTEMPTS TO CLAIM THE TREASURE -- WILL DIE.

THAT'S NONSENSE! DAD WOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN ME THE MAP IF HE THOUGHT IT WOULD PUT ME IN DANGER! MISTER CHAN -- IT IS NONSENSE, ISN'T IT?



BUT THAT QUESTION -- CHAN DOES NOT ANSWER. INSTEAD, LATER, HE GATHERS ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION TOGETHER.

MISTER CHAN, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THESE QUESTIONS. SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT ANY OF US. WHY WE'VE ALL BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS.

WHEN FORTUNE COME IN WINDOW FRIENDSHIP SOMETIMES GO OUT DOOR, MISTER PARKS. NO TWO OF PARTY TOGETHER DURING LAST THREE HOURS ALL HAVE OPPORTUNITY TO KILL KING AND RETURN.



CHARLIE CHAN

REASON FOR MURDER NOT YET CLEAR, BUT DEATH WEAPON MOST INTERESTING. HAVE SUSPICION MURDERER WILL STRIKE AGAIN. WOULD THEREFORE GLADLY ACCOMPANY EXPEDITION, IF PERMISSION GRANTED.

US? UH-OH, NOT ME. THE ONLY ARROW I'M INTERESTED IN IS THE ONE MARKED-- **EXIT! I'M LEAVIN'!**



BUT THE OTHERS DO NOT FEEL AS BIRMINGHAM FEELS. PERMISSION IS GRANTED. UNANIMOUSLY. AND A DAY LATER-- THE EXPEDITION IS UNDER WAY.

OUCH! MY ACHING BACK! WHY DIDN'T I STAY IN NEW YORK?

AW, BUTT UP, BIRMINGHAM. NOthings HAPPENED TO US YET, HAS IT? YOU JUST LEAVE THIS TO POP. YOU'LL SEE. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING.



BUT--POP DOES NOTHING. DAY AFTER BROILING, BAKING DAY GOES BY. THE EXPEDITION MOVES INTO THE BADLANDS. THEN, ON A NIGHT WHEN IT IS MANY MILES FROM CIVILIZATION, SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN.

WHAT-- MISS ELLEN! LOOK OUT!



A SHADOW VANISHES INTO THE DARKNESS. THEN THE PARTY GATHERS AROUND THE FIRE.

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER. **THE MAD!** ELLEN ALWAYS KEEPS IT WITH HER. THAT'S WHAT HE WAS AFTER--- WHOEVER HE WAS.

MAN WHO LEAP TO CONCLUSION SOMETIMES FALL AND BREAK NECK. BUT-- PERHAPS. THEREFORE, HAVE SUGGESTION. WAY TO DEFEAT PURPOSE OF SLAYER!



CHAN EXPLAINS-- AND THE OTHERS AGREE. THE MAP IS PRODUCED, TORN INTO SECTIONS---

SO... NOW EACH OF US HAS ONE PART OF MAP TOGETHER. PIECES ARE WORTH FORTUNE. SEPARATELY-- **WORTHLESS.** SUGGEST ALL RETURN TO BLANKETS. IN MORNING WE GO ON.



BUT THE EXPEDITION IS NOT TO MOVE ON IN THE MORNING. BECAUSE IN THE MORNING, THERE IS A NEW PROBLEM.

EMPTY! EVERY CANTEEN HAS BEEN EMPTIED! MISTER CHAN, WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? **WHY?**

THAT-- ONLY GUILTY MAN KNOWS, MISTER HENDRIX. BUT TO CONTINUE WITHOUT WATER WOULD BE FATAL. PARTY WILL HAVE TO FIND WATER OR TURN BACK.



THERE IS NO CHOICE. THE EXPEDITION MEMBERS FAN OUT. BUT THERE *IS* WATER. EVEN THOUGH IT TAKES LONG HOURS TO FIND IT.

M-M! BROTHER! IS THIS AQUA PURA GOOD!

IDEA IS TO FILL CANTEENS, NOT STOMACH. IDIOT OFFSPRING WILL PLEASE TO FOLLOW EXAMPLE OF CHAN SENIOR, AND FILL CANTEENS. WE MUST RETURN TO OTHERS BEFORE DARK.



CHARLIE CHAN

HEAVY LADEN, CHAN AND SON RETURN TO THE CAMP. BUT IN THEIR ABSENCE TRAGEDY HAS STRUCK--AGAIN!

SO DEATH COME ON SILENT WINGS FOR SECOND TIME! NO ONE WAS WITH UNFORTUNATE MISTER PARKS WHEN HE DIED?

NO, I WAS COMING BACK TO CAMP-- WHEN I HEARD HIM. I SAW SOMETHING IN THE DARKNESS, EYES! SHINING! THEN I HEARD PARKS SCREAM! I FOUND HIM-- LIKE THIS!



THAT SILENCES THE GROUP. SOBERLY, EACH FINDS HIS BLANKETS. THE NIGHT PASSES. ALONE, CHAN STANDS GUARD. BUT HIS VIGIL IS IN VAIN. IN THE MORNING-- MORE TROUBLE.

POP! PROFESSOR WILLIAMS HAS DISAPPEARED!



SOMETHING-- SOMEONE-- HAS CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM! THE PARTY HUNTS FRANTICALLY FOR THE MISSING MAN. AND THE SEARCH IS-- SUCCESSFUL.

IT SEEMS -- PRETTY OBVIOUS THE PROFESSOR WAS -- DRAGGED HERE. THEN HE WAS -- THROWN OVER.

MARKS IN SAND SEEM TO MAKE CONCLUSION OBVIOUS. STILL -- BODY NOT OBVIOUS. OTHERS RETURN TO CAMP. WILL DESCEND AND MAKE CERTAIN CORPSE IS AT BOTTOM.



SO, AGAIN, A CARAVAN MOVES ON. A CARAVAN SMALLER BY THREE THAN IT HAD BEEN AT THE START. BUT THE GOAL IS NEAR, NOW

POP, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. IF THE SLAYER IS AFTER THE MAP, WHY DIDN'T HE TAKE THE PART PARKS HAD, AFTER HE KILLED HIM?...
 QUIET! LISTEN!



POP, IT-- IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHOEVER KILLED HIM DIDN'T EVEN TAKE HIS SECTION OF THE MAP. AND ITS PITCH BLACK! WHAT COULD SEE WELL ENOUGH IN THE DARK -- TO DO THIS?

IF NUMBER ONE SON IS SUGGESTING THAT KILLER IS GHOST OF LONG-DEAD AZTECS -- NO! KILLER MOST CLEVER. BUT UNDOUBTEDLY HUMAN. ONE OF -- US.



THE OTHERS RETURN TO CAMP, HOPING AGAINST HOPE. BUT WHEN CHAN ARRIVES, MINUTES LATER, THEIR HOPES DIE.

POP, YOU FIND -- ANYTHING?

UNFORTUNATELY -- YES. PROFESSOR WILLIAMS IS -- BEYOND ALL AID.

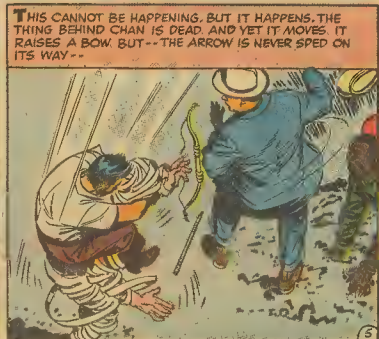
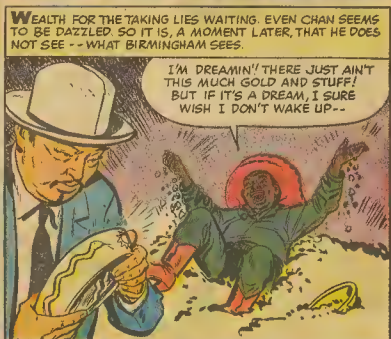
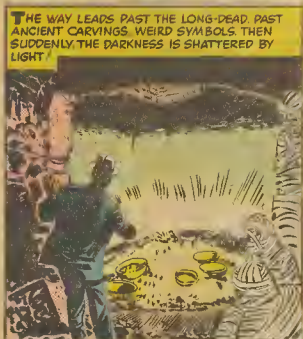
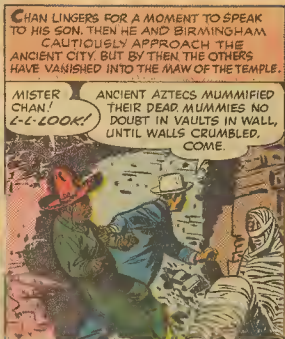
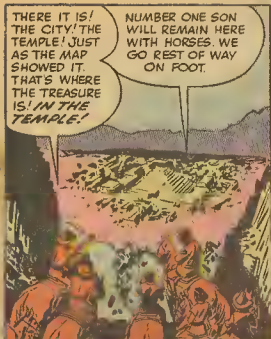


THE TALKING STONE FACE. IT DOES EXIST! THE MAP DIDN'T LIE!

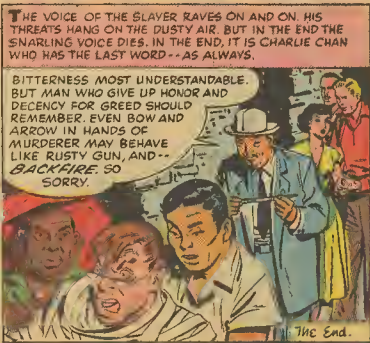
AND -- SO SIMPLE WHEN UNDERSTOOD. STONE WORN BY CENTURIES OF EXPOSURE. WHEN WIND PASS THROUGH OPENINGS, SOUND MADE. NATURAL PHENOMENON. LIKE BASIS OF ALL SUPERSTITIONS.



CHARLIE CHAN



CHARLIE CHAN

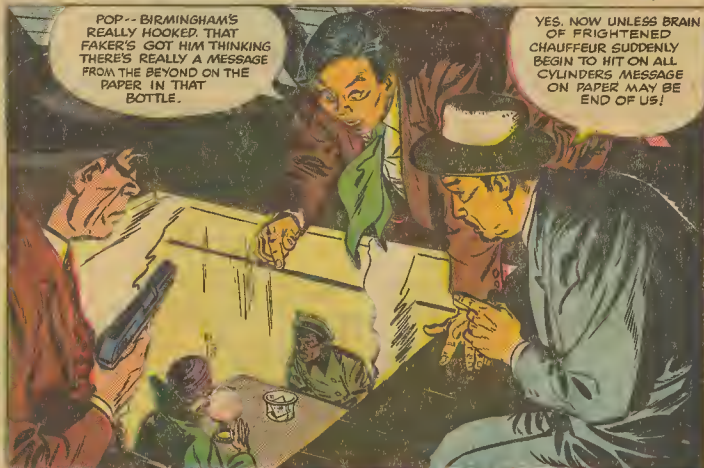


CHARLIE CHAN

CHARLIE CHAN

IN BOOK OF LIFE IT IS SAID---
"CHARLATAN WHO BEGINS
CLIMB TO SUCCESS BY USE
OF TRICKS MUST ALSO BE
PREPARED FOR..."

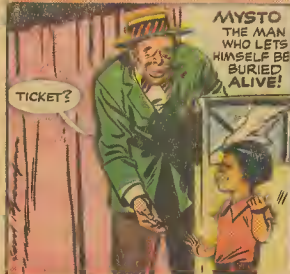
TRICK ENDING!"



POP-- BIRMINGHAM'S
REALLY HOOKED. THAT
FAKER'S GOT HIM THINKING
THERE'S REALLY A MESSAGE
FROM THE BEYOND ON THE
PAPER IN THAT
BOTTLE.

YES, NOW UNLESS BRAIN
OF FRIGHTENED
CHAUFFEUR SUDDENLY
BEGIN TO HIT ON ALL
CYLINDERS MESSAGE
ON PAPER MAY BE
END OF US!

ON THE MIDWAY AT CONEY, A SMALL
DIMPLED FIGURE ENTERS A SIDESHOW
TENT AND JERKS A TINY THUMB
BACKWARD...



MYSTO
THE MAN
WHO LETS
HIMSELF BE
BURIED
ALIVE!



TICK--



TI--



CHARLIE CHAN

THE PARADE GOES ON AND ON, BUT AT LAST, THE END OF THE LINE APPEARS.

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY SHOWED UP WITH TICKETS --

MYSTO

THE MAN WHO LETS HIMSELF BE BURIED ALIVE!



OH, NO!

FREE PASS!



THE CLAN OF CHAN HAS ARRIVED, AND AS IF ON CUE -- THE SHOW BEGINS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE COFFIN WILL NOW BE CLOSED. **MYSTO** WILL THEN BE LOWERED INTO HIS LIVING GRAVE -- SIX FEET OF EARTH WILL THEN BE SHOVELED OVER HIM --



GOSH! POP, DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S ON THE LEVEL?

TRICK IS NOT NEW, BUT AM MORE INTERESTED IN MYSTIC. FACE WAS MOST FAMILIAR. IS REALLY **JOE SANTEE**. CONFIDENCE MAN AND EX-CONVICT.

HUH? AND HE DOES THIS FOR A LIVING?

WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT? **A CROOK!**



BUT THERE IS NOTHING ILLEGAL ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING NOW. **CHAN** RELAXES. THE SHOW GOES ON.

AND NOW -- **MYSTO** IS **BURIED ALIVE!** LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY REMAIN, OR RETURN IN HALF AN HOUR TO SEE HIM DUG UP.

IN HALF HOUR MOTHER OF CHAN OFFSPRING WILL BE WONDERING WHY FAMILY IS NOT HOME FOR DINNER. WE GO NOW.



WEARY BUT HAPPY, THE CLAN RETURNS HOME. **MYSTO** IS FORGOTTEN -- BUT NOT FOR LONG --

POP! LOOK AT THIS! THE GUY WHO TRIED TO HOLD UP THE BANK -- HIS DESCRIPTION FITS **JOE SANTEE** PERFECTLY.

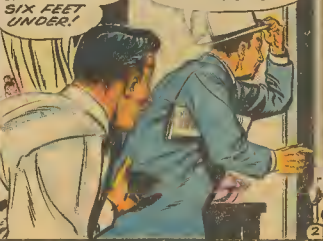
SO, THEN -- OLD CHESTNUT STILL TRUE. LEOPARD DOES NOT CHANGE SPOTS.



BEARDED MAN WEARING ROBE AND PURPLE TURBAN FAILS IN ATTEMPT TO HOLD UP BANK!

HEY! POP, WAIT UP! YOU DON'T THINK HE PULLED THE JOB? IT HAPPENED AT THREE O'CLOCK! AT THREE O'CLOCK **SANTEE** WAS SIX FEET UNDER!

MAN WHO WOULD STRIKE DOG CAN ALWAYS FIND STICK. POLICE WILL BE GREATLY INTERESTED. YOU HELP HONORABLE MOTHER WITH DISHES.



CHARLIE CHAN

CHAN TAKES OFF, ALONE. AND THE POLICE ARE VERY INTERESTED. BUT LATER, JOE SANTEE'S ALIBI SEEMS AIR TIGHT!

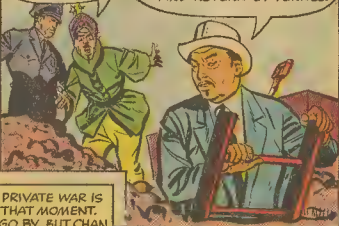
WELL? ARE YOU SATISFIED? I TOLD YOU! I'VE GONE STRAIGHT! I WAS IN A COFFIN WHEN THAT BANK WAS STUCK UP.

FRESH EARTH AT SIDE OF GRAVE INDICATE EXISTENCE OF TUNNEL. BUT TUNNEL HAS BEEN FILLED IN. MOST CLEVER ALIBI.



ALIBI? YOU LOOKED FOR A HINGED SIDE ON THE COFFIN -- AND IT WASN'T THERE! YOU LOOKED FOR A TUNNEL -- AND IT ISN'T THERE! YOU'RE CRAZY!

NEVERTHELESS, BELIEVE YOU GUILTY. COFFIN COULD HAVE BEEN SWITCHED. YOU LEAVE BY TUNNEL, ATTEMPT TO ROB BANK, AND RETURN BY TUNNEL.



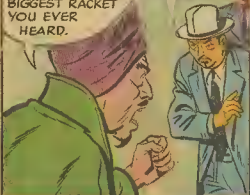
IN A WAY, A PRIVATE WAR IS DECLARED IN THAT MOMENT. DAYS, WEEKS GO BY. BUT CHAN IS TRUE TO HIS WORD. HE DOES NOT FORGET.

YEAH? TRY TO PROVE IT! AND A HUNDRED PEOPLE WILL SWEAR YOU'RE HAVING PIPE DREAMS. ARREST ME AND I'LL KICK UP THE BIGGEST RACKET YOU EVER HEARD.

LAWBREAKER LIKE MULE. MULE ALSO KICK -- BUT SOONER OR LATER WIND UP WEARING HALTER. ALIBI IRON CLAD, BUT -- CHAN WILL NOT FORGET.

POP, I DON'T GET IT. WHY DO YOU KEEP FOLLOWING SANTEE?

MAN WHO WOULD STALK TIGER IS WISE TO FIRST LEARN TIGER'S WEAKNESSES! MERELY OBSERVE CRIMINAL IN HOPE HE WILL MAKE ERROR.



ONLY, SANTEE MAKES NO ERRORS -- IT IS JIMMY WHO LATER UNCOVERS A WEAK SPOT --

STOP HERE, BIRMINGHAM. THIS NEW FORTUNE TELLER IS SUPPOSED TO BE REAL COOL! MAYBE HE CAN TELL US ABOUT JOE SANTEE.



BIRMINGHAM IS NOT ENTHUSIASTIC. BUT NUMBER ONE SON IS IN NO MOOD FOR PROTESTS. SOON AFTER, THEY ARE ON TROUBLES DOORSTEP.

G-GOSH -- THIS SURE IS A CREEPY JOINT! MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE OFF --

J- JUST TURN ME AROUND, MISTER JIMMY -- M-MY OLD BONES WON'T BUDGE.



THEN -- YOU SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME HERE. MY FRIEND THE DEAD ARE -- ALL ABOUT YOU

MYSTO! WE -- UH -- WE JUST DROPPED IN TO -- TO HAVE OUR FORTUNES TOLD.



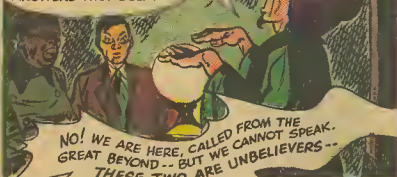
CHARLIE CHAN

MYSTO DOES NOT TELL FORTUNES. MYSTO IS MERELY A LINK BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. COME, YOU SHALL SEE.



THERE IS NO CHOICE. IN A MOMENT, THREE MEN SIT STARING AT A CRYSTAL BALL. AND THE SHADOWS SEEM TO BE ALIVE, THREATENING...

SPIRITS OF THE DEAD -- HERE ARE TWO WHO WOULD LOOK INTO THE FUTURE. GIVE THEM THE ANSWERS THEY SEEK.



NO! WE ARE HERE, CALLED FROM THE GREAT BEYOND -- BUT WE CANNOT SPEAK. THESE TWO ARE UNBELIEVERS --

THAT AIN'T SO! I BELIEVE! TELL 'EM, MISTER JIMMY!

I'LL TELL THEM NOTHING! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE! AND NOBODY HAD BETTER TRY TO STOP US.



I THINK YOU WENT TOO FAR, SANTEE -- THAT WAS CHAN'S SON AND HIS CHAUFFEUR...

I KNOW THAT, MIKE -- I LET 'EM IN SO THE KID WOULD RUN AND TELL PAPA ALL ABOUT IT. I JUST HOPE CHAN COMES HIMSELF, NEXT TIME. I'D LIKE TO SHOW HIM -- THAT HE'S NOT AS SMART AS HE THINKS.



AND JIMMY CHAN DOES RACE HOME TO PAPA. ONLY PAPA IS NOT SURPRISED.

YOU SAYING YOU'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG THAT SANTEE WAS IN THE FORTUNE TELLING RACKET?

AT MAGIC SHOP INDICATE SAME. BUT HAVE IDEA. SANTEE USE CERTAIN TRICK. PLACES BLANK PAPER IN EMPTY BOTTLE -- WRITING APPEAR ON PAPER.



HUH?

MESSAGE WRITTEN WITH COPPER SULPHATE -- INVISIBLE INK. BOTTLE ONCE HELD AMMONIA, FUMES MAKE WRITING APPEAR. MOST INTERESTING. NOW -- TELL ONCE AGAIN ABOUT VISIT TO SPOOK FACTORY.



MISTER CHAN -- YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD IT! A REAL LIVE GHOST! IT ANSWERS QUESTIONS. I'LL BET IT COULD EVEN HAVE PICKED A WINNER AT THE RACES.

THEN -- WHY NOT CONTINUE SEANCES? MIGHT PROVE MOST PROFITABLE.

HMM -- I WONDER ABOUT THAT NAG THAT'S RUNNING IN THE THIRD TOMORROW.



CHARLIE CHAN

A HALF HOUR LATER...

JOE! CHAN'S CHAUFFEUR IS OUTSIDE. HE SAYS HE WANTS TO SIT IN ON A SEANCE. WHAT DO WE DO?

ONE CHUMP'S DOUGH IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER'S. BRING HIM IN.

THE LIGHTS DIM. SANTEE'S ASSISTANT RETIRES BEHIND HIS CURTAIN, AND BIRMINGHAM ATTENDS HIS SECOND SEANCE.

CONCENTRATE -- CONCENTRATE -- THROUGH THE TRUMPET THE VOICES OF THE DEAD WILL SPEAK. THEY WILL ANSWER QUESTIONS...

QUESTIONS -- YEAH -- YEAH! THAT'S WHY I COME. ASK -- ASK THE SPOOKS HOW -- HOW I CAN INVEST MY CASH

CASH! THE WORD IS MUSIC TO SANTEE'S EARS BUT HE DOES NOT HURRY THINGS. BIRMINGHAM IS LED ALONG BY THE NOSE. THERE ARE OTHER VISITS, OTHER SEANCES.

JOE, I DON'T LIKE IT. THAT CHAUFFEUR'S BEEN HERE FIVE TIMES. HE CAN'T BE AS DUMB AS HE ACTS.

HE'S DUMBER! HE TOLD THE SPOOKS HE'S GOT **THREE GRAND**. I'VE GOT HIM HOOKED.

TOMORROW... WE USE THE BOTTLE TRICK. AS FOR CHAN -- IF HE SHOWS, WE'LL BE WATCHING FOR HIM.

SO THAT'S IT YOU'RE LOOKING TO MAKE A MONKEY OF CHAN... THROUGH THE CHAUFFEUR. OKAY. I ONLY HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

MYSTO NODS. BUT HE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH A PLAN. THAT EVENING CHAN AGAIN SEEKS OUT BIRMINGHAM.

SO TOMORROW NIGHT THE DEAD WILL ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS? YOU **HOW**, BIRMINGHAM?

YEAH! MISTER CHAN, HE AIN'T NO FAKER! HE PUTS A PIECE OF BLANK PAPER IN A BOTTLE AND **SPOOK WRITING** COMES OUT OF IT!

BIRMINGHAM HAS SWALLOWED THE BAIT, HOOK AND ALL. NEXT EVENING HE IS AT MYSTO'S EARLY. BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT -- CHAN IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

THERE HE GOES. POP, WHY DON'T WE JUST TELL THE POLICE ABOUT SANTEE'S FORTUNE TELLING RACKET?

BECAUSE PENALTY FOR FORTUNE TELLING IS MERELY SMALL FINE. BEARDED FAKER SHOT BANK GUARD. DESERVES **GREATER PUNISHMENT.**

IF PLAN OF THIS HUMBLE ONE SUCCEED, CRIMINAL WILL SPEND NEXT **TEN YEARS** IN PRISON REGRETTING ATTEMPTED HOLDUP --

WHICH IS JUST WHAT **SANTEE** FIGURED. HE **EXPECTED YOU**, CHAN -- OKAY, MOVE!

CHARLIE CHAN

A LOADED GUN IS A VERY PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT. CHAN DOES NOT RESIST -- MOMENTS LATER, HE IS FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY.

SO, WE MEET AGAIN. WHERE IS CHAUFFEUR.

IN THE NEXT ROOM, WAITING FOR THE SPIRITS. BUT -- BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO TALK TO HIM, CHAN. IN FACT -- YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP.

I HOPED YOU'D COME HERE! NOW -- YOU CAN WATCH WHILE I SEPARATE YOUR CHAUFFEUR FROM HIS DOUGH! I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE SHOW!

YOU WON'T BE ENJOYING MUCH OF ANYTHING AFTERWARD, CHAN -- WHEN JOE FINISHES WITH THE CHAUFFEUR -- WE'RE TAKING A LITTLE RIDE.

CHAN AND SON ARE HERDED UP THE LADDER, AND A MOMENT LATER --

POP! LOOK! IT'S BIRMINGHAM!

CUTE, EH, CHAN? SOUND-PROOF GLASS -- WE CAN SEE DOWN, BUT NO ONE CAN SEE UP JOE THINKS OF EVERYTHING!

THE SILENCE IS THICK, HEAVY! THEN -- THERE ARE VOICES, FROM THE LOUDSPEAKER ON THE WALL. FIRST, THE VOICE OF MYSTO --

THE TIME IS -- NOW. THE DEAD CROWD AROUND! QUICKLY! TELL ME -- WHOM SHALL I CALL? GIVE ME A NAME, THE NAME OF SOMEONE WHO HAS GONE BEYOND.

B -- BOB GRAHAM. HE -- HE WAS A PAL OF MINE. HE -- HE DIED A YEAR AGO --

SO! BOB GRAHAM -- COME! YOUR FRIEND CALLS! GIVE HIM THE ANSWER HE SEEKS! ON THIS PAPER -- WRITE YOUR MESSAGE.

POP, LOOK! THERES WRITING ON THE PAPER.

THAT'S RIGHT, JUNIOR, BUT KEEP LISTENING. YOU AIN'T HEARD NOTHING YET.

IT -- IT HAPPENED! JUST LIKE YOU SAID IT WOULD! -- BOB WROTE ME A MESSAGE.

YES. LISTEN. YOUR FRIEND SAYS: BRING YOUR MONEY HERE. ENTRUST IT TO MYSTO. MYSTO WILL INVEST FOR YOU. YOU WILL BE RICH --

CHARLIE CHAN

BIRMINGHAM GASPS. THEN -- HE STUMBLES OUT. AND FOR THE TWO CHANS, THE END DRAWS NEAR.

OKAY, LET'S GO. YOUR CHAUFFEUR WILL BE BACK -- WITH HIS CASH. BUT BY THEN, YOU WON'T CARE MUCH. YOU LOSE, DETECTIVE.

CANDLE DOES NOT GO OUT UNTIL LAST DROP OF WAX BURNED AWAY. WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS CONTEST STILL FAR FROM ENDED.

THAT, HOWEVER, SOUNDS LIKE WHISTLING IN THE DARK. CHAN AND SON ARE MARCHED OUT THE FRONT DOOR... THEN A SATISFIED MYSTO RELAXES. BUT -- NOT FOR LONG.

CHAN!

SO SORRY TO SPOIL PLANS OF CLEVER CONFIDENCE MAN. BUT THIS HUMBLE ONE MUCH TOO FOND OF LIVING TO DEPART THIS WORLD JUST YET.

OKAY -- YOU WIN! BUT HOW? I HAD ALL THE ANGLES FIGURED!

COULD HAVE ARRESTED YOU FOR FORTUNE TELLING BUT WISHED TO CATCH YOU IN ACT OF SWINDLE, SO SENT BIRMINGHAM TO YOU.

THE CHAUFFEUR TURNED YOU IN, SANTEE -- WE MET CHAN AND YOUR HOOD OUTSIDE.

YOU SEE, BEFORE BIRMINGHAM LEAVE HOUSE TONIGHT, CHAN SUGGEST THAT HE CALL UPON SPIRIT OF BOB GRAHAM. UNFORTUNATELY, CHAN AND SON WALK INTO TRAP BUT WHEN MESSAGE APPEAR, BIRMINGHAM CATCH ON.

HE -- HE CAUGHT ON? YOU'RE CRAZY! HE REALLY WENT FOR THAT GHOST HOKUM!

NOT SO! WHEN WRITING APPEAR, BIRMINGHAM KNOW AT ONCE IT IS FAKE!

YOU BET IT WAS A FAKE! IMAGINE! TRYIN' TO TELL ME BOB GRAHAM WROTE THEM WORDS -- WHEN I KNOW HE NEVER LEARNED TO READ OR WRITE!

CRIMINAL WHO SEIZE OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE FOOLS OF POLICE SHOULD REMEMBER THAT DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY SWING BOTH WAYS -- TAKE THEM AWAY, OFFICERS --

The End

Charles Chan.

TIGHTROPE

She yelled at him in 1934 and twenty years later he had to save her life . . .

265 Grand Street was where he'd been born. He knew every inch of its long, narrow, dingy halls, every step of its seven flights of stairs.

265 Grand Street was also where the robber was holed up in the landlady's top-floor apartment, the month's rent collection in his poke and Mrs. Narody, the landlady, cowed with fear.

Patrolman Dick Stredler stood on the fourth floor landing. Below him, in the street, a roped-off crowd uttered frenzied cries. He knew he mustn't fail — and he knew he might.

Stredler leaned toward the stair railing, his police gun already drawn, his whole body tense. The building had already been cleared of all its inhabitants below the fifth floor. Those in-between were in the line of fire. He poked his head forward an inch, twisting it round and upward.

CRACK!

The bullet whizzed by his head, buried itself in the floor of the landing. Simultaneously he heard a scrambling noise, a banging of doors and then the clump-clump of two pairs of feet on the last flight of stairs to the roof. Stredler's heart contracted. The robber was forcing old Mrs. Narody up to the roof with him, to use as a shield against the police. Once up there, Stredler knew, he might even escape, get away with the money. He darted downstairs, ran outside into the street and then up the front steps of 267, next door,

tenants scattering before him. In minutes he was at the roof door. Quietly he opened it, stepped cautiously out on the roof, ducking down well below the level of the brick balustrades. Then he raised his head. Across the alley, he could see the back of the robber's head, ducked against the roof door of 265 and next to the head, Mrs. Narody's.

He knew he had to act immediately, within seconds. He took one look at the distance separating him from the further roof across the alley — it was almost twenty feet. Vaulting the balustrade he dropped lightly on a doubled clothesline stretched from one roof to the other. It tightened under his weight, held. Deftness, dulled by the years, came back to him. In three seconds he'd touched the edge of the other roof and was, simultaneously, reversing his gun. One final leap, launched from the roof's edge and he reached the robber just as the robber's head snapped round in alarm. Stredler brought the gun up against the robber's chin. The chin snapped back and the man went down, releasing Mrs. Narody.

She gave a gasp of relief.

"Why—why you must have walked that clothesline all the way over here, young man!" she cried.

Stredler grinned.

"Sure I did, Mrs. Narody," he said. "I had a lot of practice doing it a long time ago on caltheslines down on the first floor when I lived here back in 1934. Remember me, Mrs. Narody? You used to bawl the heck out of me for it then!" And again he grinned.

— The End —

THE FAMOUS JUELENE SYSTEM GUARANTEE

LOVELIER HAIR IN 7 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Give Yourself This Treatment Just Once

That's All We Ask—Just One Trial—You Will Marvel At The Results. You Will Be Absolutely Amazed Or It Doesn't Cost You One Penny. Your Fine Care With Latest JUELENE Formulas May Be The Answer To Your Hair And Scalp Problem.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE

While there is something new under the sun almost every day, Beauticians, Expert Hairdressers and Dermatologists are all familiar with the use of LANOLIN. In recent years, it has been believed that CHOLESTEROL is the active ingredient of LANOLIN. CHOLESTEROL is an ingredient found in all vegetables, in all animals, and in our own bodies. It is now possible for chemists to produce a synthetic CHOLESTEROL, which makes it possible to use CHOLESTEROL in this Special Hair and Scalp System. Your hair grows from the follicles located in the tissues of your scalp. The condition of your hair depends upon the normal health of your scalp. The LANOLIN Cream Shampoo which you receive with this treatment is to be used as a Shampoo to cleanse the hair and scalp of dust, dried perspiration, grease, etc.

YOU GET EVERYTHING, the JAR of JUELENE SYSTEM (SCALP and HAIR LUBRICANT), the LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO, the DH-12 FORMULA containing CHOLESTEROL, PLUS the SPECIAL LANOLIN COMPOUND, ALL A REAL BARGAIN AT \$4.49 BUT **IF YOU PAY IS ONLY \$2.98**, plus postage, FOR EVERYTHING. FOLLOW THE JUELENE SYSTEM DIRECTIONS you receive with your package OF THESE 4 FORMULAS, and YOU WILL BESS THE DAY YOU BEGAN and TRIED THIS PROPER WAY.

**SEND NO MONEY MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW
EVERY CENT BACK IF NOT THE BEST YOU EVER USED.**

Fine special daily Juelene System care helps PREVENT, DANDRUFFY DULL, DRY, BRITTLE ITCHY SCALP, BURNT HAIR, through lubrication, massage & stimulation,

Being a woman, your hair is in need of other waving, marcelling or pin-curling regularly. Be certain to give your hair and scalp fine special care and to use the special LANOLIN Formula which you get with everything to pin-curl, wave, set your hair. This Formula makes easily, waterproofs the hair, and at the same time helps to hold a setting or styling longer. By lessening perspiration, it not only keeps your hair looking fevelier, more lustrous, but helps to prevent dry, crackling dandruff, dull hair conditions.



YOU GET FULL DIRECTIONS ON HOW TO USE EVERYTHING, PLUS A REGULAR \$2. LESSON ON HOW TO PIN CURL OVER-NITE, WAVE AND STYLE YOUR HAIR BY JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST.

**100%
GUARANTEE
MONEY BACK IF
NOT SATISFIED!
YOU CAN'T LOSE!**



SPECIAL
3 MONTH
SIZE
TREATMENT

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I would like to try your special JUELENE SYSTEM of special hair and scalp care. Send me a regular size jar of JUELENE Formula for daily lubrication, massage, stimulation. A Jar of LANOLIN CREAM SHAMPOO for cleansing the hair. A Jar of DH-12 CHOLESTEROL Formula for use after shampoo. A Jar of Special LANOLIN Compound to use for waving, curling, pin-curling, and to help hold my hair setting longer, more lustrous, and LANOLIN benefits. Send me everything. On delivery, I will pay only \$2.98, plus postage. Included will be full JUELENE SYSTEM directions and 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. I must be delighted and pleased in every way or every cent back. I promise that if I am pleased, I will tell my friends about the wonderful JUELENE SYSTEM Formulas and Treatment, and of all the benefits of fine LANOLIN and CHOLESTEROL. Send everything to

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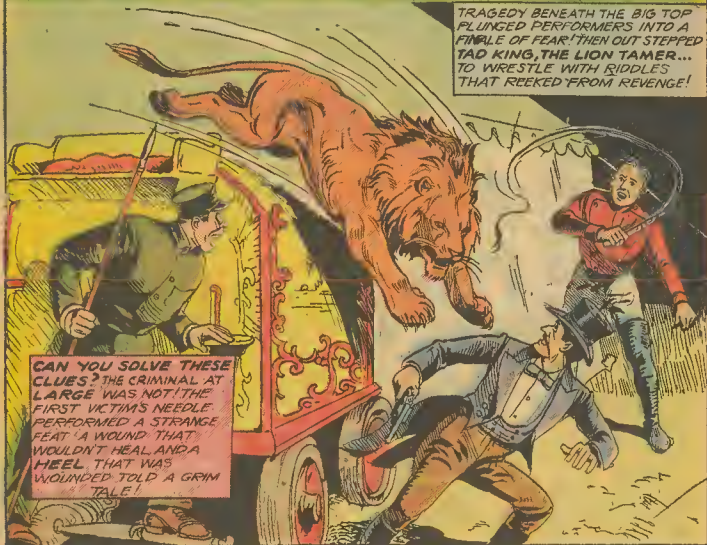
NOTE:

YOU GET ENOUGH OF EVERYTHING TO LAST AT LEAST 3 MONTHS. You get full size directions or fine daily hair and scalp care, as well as hints and tips on the use of fine LANOLIN and CHOLESTEROL Formulas, in Shampooing and Styling your Hair. A 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE will be included in your package, along with JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST directions on Hair and Scalp Care. In use since 1928. The fine JUEL'S HAIR STYLIST Formulas have been used by more than one half million women. YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR MONEY BACK.

CHARLIE CHAN

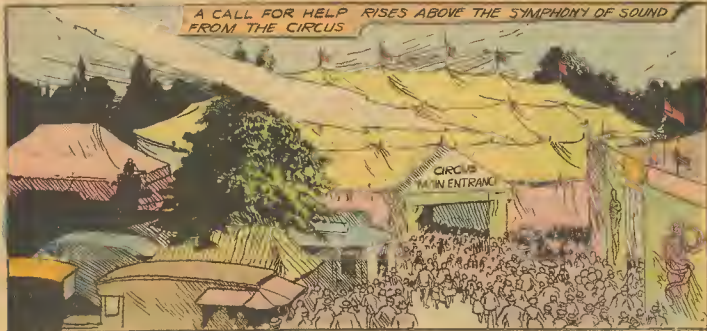
LION TAMER!

TRAGEDY BENEATH THE BIG TOP
PLUNGED PERFORMERS INTO A
FINALE OF FEAR! THEN OUT STEPPED
TAD KING, THE LION TAMER...
TO WRESTLE WITH RIDDLES
THAT REEKED FROM REVENGE!



CAN YOU SOLVE THESE
CLUES? THE CRIMINAL AT
LARGE WAS NOT! THE
FIRST VICTIM'S NEEDLE
PERFORMED A STRANGE
FEAT: A WOUND THAT
WOULDN'T HEAL AND A
HEEL THAT WAS
WOUNDED TOLD A GRIM
TALE!

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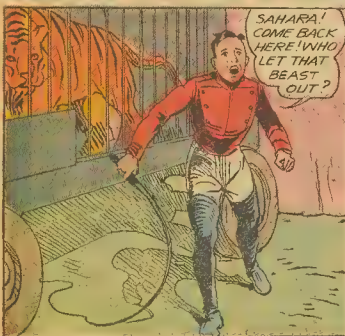
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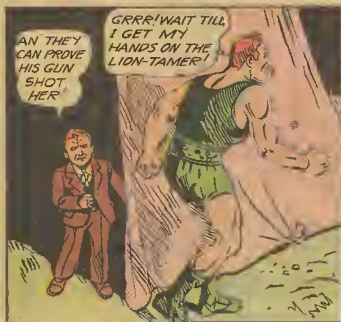
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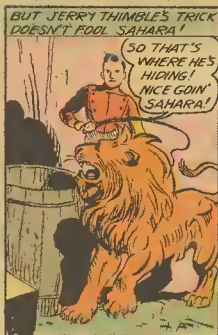
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DID YOU SOLVE CLUE # 2 ? ANSWER: ZELDA'S NEEDLE PUNCTURED THE PRIDE OF JERRY THIMBLE!

Charles Chen

COMEDY COP

There are times when appearances are everything . . . and even doom can dress to kill . . .

Patrolman Joe O'Doul checked in for duty, went carefully over his gun, oiled his nightstick and then went up to the blotter room for assignment. From behind the desk Sergeant Hannerty greeted him noncomitally and handed him his section of the blotter to attend to. O'Doul, in his notebook, noted down the calls he'd have to make before he attended to the routine business of the beat. Robbery at a store on Carmichael St. Follow-up of a burglary on Pine Ave. There were a few others, and everything minor. Joe was about to leave when Hannerty grunted.

"You knew Steve Sattlee, didn't you, Joe?" he asked.

"That's right, Sarge," Joe said. At least he had years ago when he and Steve were boys together. At least he had when he'd turned Steve in on a murder charge—Steve the vain, Steve the proud, Steve unable to admit a fault in himself, without the ability to stop and think before catapulting into catastrophe. Steve, driving on his folly until overweening pride made him stumble.

Joe swallowed hard.

"Well, Steve busted out of State Prison last night," Hannerty said. "He hated you, didn't he?" And when Joe nodded, he said: "Keep an eye out. Steve's armed."

Joe's spine stiffened as he saluted and left. It was already dark. He passed patrolman

after patrolman on the way back to report off-duty. Further and further into the slums he went, stopping off now and again on his assignments. Then he was almost at the end of his beat, near the old neighborhood where as boys he and Steve had played.

Another cop passed him on the way back to the station. Joe nodded, swinging his nightstick. The streets grew more deserted, dim canyons of pale, yellow light, tombs of emptiness and danger. Abruptly, as he glimpsed something, the hair on the back of his neck rose. He saw the leg jutting out from behind the recess in the store entrance, saw the flash of the brass buttons. For an instant he relaxed, then his heart beat faster, and the next instant his nightstick lashed up and then down.

Steve Sattlee crumpled, his stolen gun clattering into the gutter. Joe retrieved it, pulled Steve to his feet and shoved him toward the precinct station.

"You couldn't have known it was me," Steve gasped, glaring sideways at him. "You couldn't . . . !"

"No?" Joe asked coolly. "And you never could admit you'd made a bad mistake, Steve. Not even when you robbed that costume store on my beat early this morning and stole a cop's rig so you could waylay me just long enough to get in a few .44 slugs. Not even when you forgot you were color-blind and picked a uniform that looked blue to you, but which was actually bright yellow! — a costume for a comedy cop!"

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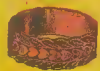
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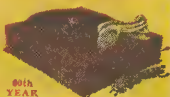
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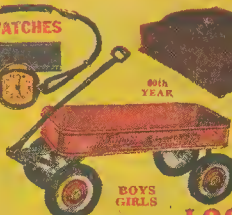
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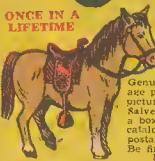
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